UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THESE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1185.

Original Poetry.

LINES TO ——,

On a Group of Flowers which She gave me

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,

BY EDWARD J. PORTER

I watched the lovely feather fade,
I sighed above their low decay;
And yet no sigh could ever have stayed
The vanishing of one sweet ray.
They withered when removed from thee,
And blasted with tenderest care it could
To keep each hue unfadingly.
The young buds drooping, died.
Thus have I seen a form, whose spray
Danced laughingly at morning's break,
Thy treasuring hand beneath the ray
Of sunnside's brighter, wilder power
Forgive the—poor Indian.—If we sank back
Than this which wielded its notes at first,
Before the wrongs which we smote,
And pining in its cadence, burst.

The gentle hand had trained the lancet,
They withered when from thee removed;
And as the shrinking fountain grieves,
Where lonesome tree powerful have poured,
Their gentle power had left me,
Like song wreaths from the late strings flown,
Or late breath's sweet odor's sigh
Their sweet but withered tones was gone.

Original Tales.

RUTH;
Or, The Days of William Penn.
CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

PART II.

All was still and calm, when Ruth sought the spot pointed out by Eric, but he was not there. She waited nearly an hour in painful feeling, yet he came not. "My brother's coldness has aroused his pride," she thought, "and I shall see him no more;" and the day that mentioned her cheek was not the slow of the night. Several days passed, and on the evening of each, she sought the same spot, but still Eric came not, and sad and dispirited she returned.

In the meantime, Ephraim had commenced the instruction of Mesonic, and the bright eyes of the Indian maiden sparkled with unfeigned pleasure as her teacher, his lingered later in the evening, ere she sought her father's wigwam, and the flavors of the morning scarcely lent under her light footstep, or the early returning pressure. But one day, after the usual hour, she returned slowly, and with dejected looks, and when Ephraim left the cave, and sat down at the feet of Ruth, gazing with a mild and serious expression upon his face.

"Why dost thou gaze on me thus, Mesonic? speak! what hast thou heard?" said Ruth, roused, blushing at her abstraction.

"Mesonic, sad—sorrow too, sad—arrow hath white man—Sacone know not—Wecocane Indian left—Sacone no more." Here she paused, her bosom a sealed letter, directed to Ruth, who broke it open with a trembling hand. The writing was strange to her, but the contents of immediate presence at the dying pillow of—whom?—her sight became dim, and she would have fallen but for the supporting arms of Mesonic.

Returning consciousness brought the most distressing reflections. Ephraim was not present until night, having gone on an excursion with his child. Ought she to go without his consent? Ought she to leave her twelve at Wecocane was less than two miles distant, and the Indian carrier of the letter was waiting, with his canoe, on the bank of the Delaware. In vain Ruth tried to calm her feelings, by calling to aid those principles of endurance and resignation, which she had learned, in the new but her dying lover, and wringing the hand of Mesonic, who hastily collected a change of garments for her, and hurried into the canoe, and unbinding the presence of the strange Indian, gave way to her sad feelings in tears. The swift motion of the boat soon left Cequenoe, now Philadelphia, in the distance, and when Ruth looked up, they were approaching a narrow stream, at the mouth of which crowned the height above the river, and near it stood several houses substantially built. To one of these they were rowed, and as Ind an led the way, followed by the trembling Ruth. In an apartment that overlooked a garden, the bed of sickness lay, on to which she turned around. A cough stood in one corner, over which a venerable looking man was leaning. He beckoned to Ruth to come to him, and she, unconscious from stretched on that couch be Eric Wahlden, so lately healthful, and glowing in manhood's prime, now bereaved lower Ruth sunk into a chair by his side

"I rejoice you have come, dear lady," said the stranger, "as he has at last found rest, and to leave you his few earthly possessions."

"You cannot mean, that he is dead," exclaimed Ruth, starting up with a cry of anguish, "oh! Eric, Eric, do we part thus?"

"Not yet, lady," said the stranger, "but I have little hope that he will live long—long has lasted for several hours, and on his awaking hangs life or death."

With what tenacity does the human heart cling to hope. Ruth watched that night by the pillow of her lover. Towards morning he roused, with a great groan, when she the stranger urged her to retire for a season of the appointment, fearing the sight of her might unconscious him, to his sad state. Her sister trembled on his lips, but again he sank into unconsciousness.

"You have need of rest, lady," said the old man, "there is a couch in the next room, and the Indian will relieve your watch. Come hither, Sarone."

"Oh! I am not Sarone!" cried Ruth, shuddering, as the young chief entered the room.

"How came he here, father?"

"Nay, my child," resumed the stranger, "a kinder nurse there is not. He watched with me several hours before you came, for he left Coquenoe, to bring me tidings of our young friend's danger. He is much distressed, for he knew not, until then, that his sorrows had inspired him. But Eric had kept the circumstances secret, and only his extreme danger induced me to send for you, lady. Sconot learned the rest from Ephraim, who brought you hither, and urged by his own regret, and the distress of an Indian maid he loves, who had discovered that Eric was your friend, he came to atone for his fault. They are a kindly race, though strange. Plants of the western wilderness, but placed here by the same Divine hand, that has cultured those of the east, until they have borne the rich fruits of civilization and Christianity. What may we not hope for these?" At this moment, the slumber of Eric broke, and in a feeble tone, he again breathed the name of Ruth. Her presence was suspected to him with great caution, and she approached with trembling steps. He turned his dim eyes on her, with an expression of mingled affection and sadness, and after some moments silence, spoke in a low voice, with extreme difficulty.

"This is kind, my own Ruth—and I would —I might live—to repay it—by devotion—but —it may not be. I have scarcely breath—to speak—oh! listen to me." She raised his head gently on her arm, and while her tears fell on his cheek, strove to catch his words, as in broken accents, he continued, "If Ephraim forgive not this—step in, pay, to me —this peal man—the means of my liberation— will be thy friend. There is a sweet spot—in Passyunk—towards the waters of the Schuylkill—which I thought to be happy with them. It is now thine—and all else I have—thou will repay the kindness of this—good man, and forgive the—poor Indian." He sank back exhausted, for a few minutes. The weeping girl bathed his temples, and her gentle sound seemed again to revive him.

"Nay, weep not, dearest," he said, "I would call thee mine—by a holier name—belov'd in part—and we shall meet—hereafter, in the bright world—where sects are unknown."

The parents of the land of the trembling Ruth, and placed it in that of her lover; "You will not refuse his last wish, lady? Your hearts are already united, and this baby gift will shield you from all blame in wishing by his dying pillow. A portion of the simple form of your own people can be united with ours, and forgive the—poor Indian." Here he sank back exhausted, for a few minutes. The weeping girl bathed his temples, and her gentle sound seemed again to revive him.

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Biography.

A DAUGHTER OF PHILADELPHIA.

We find in the New Orleans Bulletin, the following honorable testimony, on most interesting subject, in the memory of one who was well known personally to a large circle of our elder inhabitants, and by the reputation of her good works to all Philadelphians.

Mrs. Prudy Bourne, relict of the late Hon. George Hunter, was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1763—she was of the family of Bryant, long and honorably known in the annals of that time honored city, and she belonged to the denomination of Christ ians called Friends. At an early period of her married life, it was her happy lot, as it has been often found to result, to be instantaneously acquainted with Dr. Franklin, who was a "next door neighbor" and found in her family a kind and many of her friends have delighted to believe that much of her own gentleness of wisdom and proverbial good sense, may have received early lessons unconsciously, and without even association, so honored and so elevated, and that the seeds then early sown in good ground, would spring up, yield, and more than a hundred fold.

Dr. Hunter is known to have been distinguished for his general intelligence and enterprise, which were successfully developed in early and intrepid voyages to the coasts of Mexico, and in different islands in the West Indies.

His forecast early satisfied him of the advantages and importance to his family of residence in New Orleans, and he arrived there with his family just at the period when the banners of France floated over the standard of Louisiana, and he survived nearly ten years honored and respected.

The distinguished features of the character of Mrs. Hunter were sincerity and simplicity, and as luxuriantly were they exhibited in every word and deed of her life, that they at once attracted and surrounded her with the affections of the young, and the admiration of the aged; and it was her happiness and singular good fortune to preserve this estimable and valuable position, throughout her long and well spent life.

Over a being thus constituted the most benevolent influence may well be supposed to have exercised a constant and controlling influence, and hence it is known that shortly after the same in this city, she interested herself and friends in the establishment of a Female Orphan Asylum, now known as the Poydras Female Orphan Asylum—and from that period almost to the day of her death, her interest in connection her life in the welfare of the institution. It was her holy office, as is aptly expressed in the Constitution of the Society, "to seek out and examine into the circumstances and claims of indigent Orphans and Widows," and thousands are vouchsafed by her hands, from ruin by her example and counsel, and efficient aid, have risen up to call her blessed. It is not trespassing on the sanctuaries of truth and propriety to express the opinion that the impulse then given by Mrs. Hunter has since united the establishment and incorporation in the city of New Orleans, of five other asylums for the relief of the destitute orphans, of whom more than one hundred surrounded her remains, and in sadness and at tears gazed for the last time on the loved face of her whom they had only known as a mother.

Her singleness of heart and unaffected contempt devotion to the duties of benevolence were not, with her sudden impulses; nor were they alone displayed in the day of her prosperity. The same holy zeal and well directed efforts had been displayed in Philadelphia, where her name, always associated and always engaged in every benevolent mission, was an extensively known and reverenced, as in New Orleans.

It is well recollected by the aged inhabitants of Philadelphia, as a historical fact in the annals of that city, that when the Yellow Fever prevailed there as a devasting epidemic, in the years 1793 and '98, Mrs. Hunter was constantly seen, by day and by night, silently visiting, as an angel of mercy, the doors of the poor and friendless invaded by the pestilence, ministering not only with her own hands to the relief and comfort of the suffering, but gratuitously and bountifully distributing, from her own resources, as wealth and the extreme need needed by the suffering and the poor; medical and pecuniary relief were afforded and were carried to every house where, within the wide circle of her acquaintance, there was poverty or distress.

The memory of this excellent lady is enshrined in the hearts of a host of surviving friends. To them all, it has been a source of unexpressible gratification, that while her life was prolonged beyond the usual limit of human existence, her health, until very recent days, had been uninterruptedly good—that her mental faculties were unclouded, and that her intelligence, both in action and in counsel, was continued unbroken, until the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl at the fountain broken; and that then, she peacefully hopeless spirit returned to God who gave it."

The following resolutions were passed at a meeting of the Poydras Orphan Asylum:

A special meeting of the "Female Orphan Society" of this city, was convened at the Poydras Asylum, 18th, inst. for the purpose of commemorating the great loss the Society has sustained in the death of its able and beloved President, Mrs Hunter. The meeting being called to order, the Rev. Theodore Clapp's resolutions were submitted by Mrs. Mary Lanthony, and unanimously adopted by the Board:

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty, in his wisdom, to remove from this Society, its chief ornament and guide, from the desolate orphans whom she had cherished with this community a bright example, by the death of our beloved venerated First Directress, therefore, in humble acquiescence to that Almighty fiat, this day assembled round the board, (as when covered by her presence and counsel,) to commemorate her virtues, and to deplore this afflictive dispensation—be lament that we shall no more be aided by her judicious guidance, her affectionate counsel, the more be cheered by her meek and gentle presence.

The simplicity and truth of her character, her strength of judgment, her untiring perseverance in well doing her unacknowledged and devotion to the sheltered parties of the human family, place her character in bright relief before this community, while a period of nearly thirty years, her multifarious, yet effective works of mercy and charity, have constant memory to be venerated, and associated with all that is bright and holy in our nature, and to be emblazoned in thousands of humble hearts, from which arose daily ejaculations that common Father and Friend (who seeth even a sparrow fall,) for blessings upon her and those who were dear to her.

But, neither the orphan's prayer, the aspirations of the humble, the sorrow of filial devotion, the respect and admiration of thousands, could all "avert the inevitable blow." She has finished her course, and rests from her labors, the place that has been her shall know her no more!

Yet, we who have enjoyed the privilege of her society and confidence, the memory of that pure, bright character, bearing the stamp of truth and christianity, shall be a lesson to us in the faithful discharge of our duties, not only in the immediate trust, but in the forms of life—They mourn the dead who live as they leave.

Resolved, That this Society deplore the loss of our venerable friend before many days have elapsed, that we deeply appreciate the many virtues of her character; we believe that in her death a calamity to this Society, to the whole family of orphans, and to the community.

Resolved, That we truly and earnestly sympathise with her affluent family in this heavy bereavement, and trust that they will console themselves that "their works do follow them; they adorn and embalm while they mourn the death of the righteous.

Resolved, That these resolutions be inserted in the minutes of our Society, and that a copy be transmitted by the Secretary to the afflicted family of our departed friend.

Published by order of the Board.

C. M. PRITCHARD, Secretary.

COMMODORE KENNEDY.

The following notice of the late Commodore Kennedy, was born in Dorchester county, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, on the 23d of February, 1779, and was of one of the most distinguished families of that State. When very young, hardly more than fifteen years of age, hence of an enterprising and adventurous regard, he ran away from home and joined the merchant service, and made several voyages previous to the early part of the year 1798, when a voyage with Capt. Rogers to South America. These gentlemen had been long acquainted, a circumstance that very naturally young Kennedy with him on board the brig, as a kind of temporary amusement, where he remained five or six months in the capacity of captain of the forecastle, when he was appointed a midshipman, by Capt. Rogers, on the arrival at Charleston, in 1801, being allotted to the first navy, with most of the officers, on the organization of the peace establishment, he received the appointment of master of a ship bound to Holland. Captain Rogers, from his influence, made a voyage to Philadelphia in the ship Packet, Capt. Gardner, whence he sailed as master for the West Indies, in the ship Maria and Mary, as commander, the brig belonging to Butler & Wheeler.

After this he made a voyage as master in an English ship bound to Nova Scotia and St. David's Straits, and thence to the West Indies again, where he was pressed on board a man-of-war, the frigate Amphion, from which he effected his escape and arrived at Philadelphia, some time in 1802 or '3, in the brig Polly, Capt. Lord. In 1803, however, at the instigation of Lords, Spencer and Maxwell, the latter of whom had been a messmate of his on board the U. S. frigate Adams, he again entered the navy as gunner's mate on board the U. S. brig Vixen, Capt. Decatur, with fair promises from the officers that they would use their influence in his favor if occasioned, in consideration of his former services, and that they would inform his friends and acquaintances of his situation. He was in all the attacks upon, and at the bombardment of Tripoli, a volunteer in the boats, on his return to Philadelphia in that harbor, and was blown up in the attack upon the batteries on the 4th August, 1804, for his gallantry and coolness on which occasion he was immediately appointed an acting lieutenant by the Secretary of the Navy, with orders to join the Argus brig of war, then at Washington. The ship having been put out of commission, he was appointed, after a few months, after which he was ordered as first lieut. to the brig Franklin, 12 guns (2 Carlo, 10 long nines,) destined for New Orleans, to join Capt. J. D. Henley, Major Commack of the marines, and other officers of the detachment of seamen on board for the Orleans station. About this time he was married to Miss Prudy Ann Wilkinson, across Lake Pontchartrain, to make captains commandant Col. Burr's movements in that quarter. On his return to this port from the Orleans station, he was ordered to Washington, where he arrived in 1806 ?. But returned to New Orleans almost immediately, in the same vessel, on a second order from Com. Shaw to proceed in a gun boat and survey the coast from the Bayou St. Louis to Lake Pontchartrain, along the coast and rivers, which he did satisfactorily, and returned in 1808. In 1809 he was ordered by the secretary of the Navy as first lieut. of the cutter rigged vessel, the "Ferret," of 12 guns.

In 1811, he was ordered to report to Com. Perry for the command of the brig Hornet, then hoisting to his flying squadron, but having received a short leave from him at New York to make a visit home, before it expired peace was proclaimed between Great Britain and the United States. In 1815, he received a furlough to visit Philadelphia, and from there was ordered as the brig Brazilian for London. He returned in 1816, and was ordered to the Mediterranean, as the Hornet, in 1817, with despatches for Mr. Irvin, in 1817, with despatches for Gen. Lesp, bound for Mahon. At Gibraltar he left the vessel in the U. S. brig Adeet, and eventually took passage in her for Mahon, where he met Commodore Chauncey in command and was ordered by Com. Chauncey to the command of the Spark sloop of war, bound up to the U. States during the same year. In 1818 he was appointed captain of the navy yard, at Gosport.

In 1825, he was ordered to the frigate Brandywine, (Sept.) In Oct., he sailed for the Mediterranean, and upon his arrival at Mahon, was transferred to the frigate Java, 1826, 6, 7, he was in command of the E. I. and Asiatic squadron, and in 1827, for about 6 months, in command of the Pacific squadron, making a long passage of 110 days, which was relieved by Commodore Ballard in the ship of the line North Carolina, 1828, he was appointed to the ordinance, and '42 received the appointment of port captain of this station, having before been board the Fred. Ferrara, 120, where he now rests at half mast.

Commodore K. was a remarkable man, in many respects—with the advantage of a highly cultivated mind, he was a man of genius, to conceive any pursuit in life in which he might have not attained excellence. His taste for music, painting, drawing and the fine arts in general was of a high order. He was facile in expedients, being of an inventive turn, and of speculative order of mind. Fond of reading, and with resources of observation naturally good, the variety and extent of his travels contributed also to store his mind with a fund of information to an almost every topic.

He was a perfect gentleman of a manly writer, and the eye of a finished painter. He was patriotic—his attachment to the naval service of all kinds to him, and in his relations with it, he always carried with him the attachment of his officers and the devotion of his crew. None of private relations he was irreproachable. He was a kind parent and was without an enemy. His heart was indeed the cradle of the kindliest affections, there every good, and the better judgment leaning too much was apt to be rocked asleep.

Foreign Intelligence.

THREE DAYS LATER.

By the arrival at New York, of the Harre packet, Niles de Grasse, Commodore Hull, three days later has been received from the continent of Europe.

The most important intelligence received is the return of the ex-Queen Christina to Spain. This may be most important intelligence—as her presence in that country was undoubtedly brought about by some movement of a party in Spain—or it may be unimportant intelligence, as her influence there she may have gone back again.

There is no news of importance from France. The ministry appears to be firmly established—that any previous one for many years, and even counts upon permanence for several years to come.

A bill was about to be brought forward, and would probably pass, authorizing the Bank of France to issue notes of the denomination of 25 francs.

A line of French mail steamers was about to be established between Marseilles, Malta, and Alexandria.

The Universal German Gazette states from Bonn, in Prussia, that on the 10th of September, in addition to Mr. O'Connell, is getting up in several parts of Germany, and that the lists of names are to be sent to Professor Simrock, of Bonn, to be forwarded by him to Mr. O'Connell.

Many addresses are said to have been made, or schalterns in one of the cantons of Bern, in consequence of Paris, but no information is given of the date.

Subscriptions were talked of, for the purchase of a sword, to be presented to Admiral Dupetit Thouars. The Ministerial papers ridicule the idea.

Accounts from Stockholm, of February 20, say that the laying of Sweden was a little better, but his condition was still very unfavorable.

Letters from Alicant, of February 20, say that the abandonment of the town was commenced, partially on that day; the inhabitants were becoming scarce, the blockade being kept up, and it was thought that the insurgents would endeavor to make a sortie.

A Madrid letter of the 24th states, that the wife of Isouet, the head of the insurrection at Alicant, who resided at Teruel, has been arrested and thrown into a dungeon.

Letters from Genoa of the 24th of February, says that the Duke D'Angoulême had arrived, and gave another cross, the results of which were unknown.

A rumor was current at Vienna of an approaching marriage between the Archduke Francis Joseph, and the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

The Duke of Nemours, supposed to be the eldest son of Louis Philippe, reached his 144th year on the 25th ult. His health was very good.

Intelligence from Bombay, to Feb. 1st, has been received, via Gibraltar. It states that previous, two battles had been the British forces and the Sikhs on the Sutlej. In the first battle, contest. The Bombay paper says:

"The enemy were too fast to commence hostilities, by firing on the baggage party under the command of Sir Harry Smith, on the 18th, a reconnoitering party sent out on the 20th, and the night of the 21st, the whole of the British date consisted of his Excellency Sir H. Gough, attacked the Mahrattas in their position of Mudkee, and the division of Sir John Littler, the General Grey, did so at Ferozkur, and gained a complete victory over the enemy. This last battle, however, as those occasions, has been very severe with the loss of 50 pieces of artillery.

The fort of Gwalior shortly after surrendered to us, and some of the principal chiefs came in and tendered submission.

In a battle, matters are much the same. The troops, however, are recovering from their sickness; at Hyderabad little improvement had been observed, but at Sukkur the condition of our men was much more favorable. India brought out a pamphlet.

Our China intelligence reaches to the 25th of December, but is of little interest

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 12, 1841.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of Graham's Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two copies of Graham's Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, sixteen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' Companion.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' Companion.

Mr. J. B. Welsh is our Agent at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

He must be an ascetic indeed, who cannot enjoy such lovely weather as we have "at present enjoying." Decidedly the best thing for a tabernacle is in healthy condition, and the keeper of his household, Master Conscience, is in the same condition. It is the same respecting The *taleus* complaints of January, and the month or two following, are over, and as we look forward to the delights of early June, at last year's summer and autumn, we have we forgotten last year's bills. The blood bounds in a freer motion through the veins, and the heart is lifted in sympathy with the vernal music—hope looks forward to the last approach of early roses, and in parcial of a peep at "nature undressed"—trees not clipped by system—paths not laid out in geometric diagrams—flowers not set out in pots—and hearing the lowing of the calves, hens, and fresh eggs and new milk! Oh! like Mr. Willis's heroine in one of the tales of his Magazine, exclaim—"the season for born to love pigs and chickens," and our vocation comes most distinctly over us when—the "Spring time is coming!" The cares of business may at other times keep the country, and we would not dispute their possession, though we would much prefer the town, and street, and pleasant, the "general average" is vastly in favor of the cheerful competence and manly independence of the Farmer.

It is almost too early to be talking of next Fall's crops, and yet we find some of our country correspondents already speculating on good ones, already. Nobody with half a soul, however, could do less than prophesy good ones, for the last year's abundant crops and faithless curmudgeons who do not participate in its sentiment, ought to live in Nova Scotia, or Patagonia, where that is not or at least would be in sympathy with their dispositions.

Among things agreeable, one of the most agreeable is the variety of early travel. Many have been made abroad, and which, still better has been made and is now felt at home, that happy variety which, under the name of pleasure and fatiguing excursions of the year, and the variety and extent of his travels contributed also to store his mind with a fund of information to an almost every topic.

He was a perfect gentleman of a manly writer, and the eye of a finished painter. He was patriotic—his attachment to the naval service of all kinds to him, and in his relations with it, he always carried with him the attachment of his officers and the devotion of his crew. None of private relations he was irreproachable. He was a kind parent and was without an enemy. His heart was indeed the cradle of the kindliest affections, there every good, and the better judgment leaning too much was apt to be rocked asleep.

DEATH OF PROFESSOR SANDERSON.

A sudden stop of—none was thrown over the large circle of his friends and admirers at JOHN SANDERSON, when on Friday week the unexpected announcement of his death met the eyes in the public prints. Many were those to whom his familiar smile had exchanged greetings with the many to whom daily salutations his presence had endeared, and many the list of his acquaintance. Once to know him was to feel current of his character, the depth of his knowledge, the extent of his attainments, the modest unobtrusive gentleman—the modest scholar—the man of science—the man of letters. It is a fearful responsibility, after a few days illness of less than a week, aged 58 years.

Among the many notices which the event has called forth, we have seen none more beautiful and appropriate than the following in the Philadelphia Gazette. The initials will readily be recognized by those of a gentleman probably better acquainted with American authors and American literature, than any other man in this country.

John Sanderson was a man of genius, a man of taste, a man of feeling. He was a Philadelphian, and by his life and writings he added to the good reputation of his country. To science he added but little, neither he aimed to claim chaste scholarship, an intimate knowledge of the English classics, a quick sense of humor, and a frank and high bred courtesy. His delight was in literature, and he found his reward to enjoy his society and his friendship: he is gone—gone from us, and we feel his loss almost as well as our city, has lost one of her most accomplished men.

Mr. Sanderson has long been known as a writer. His first publication was the collection of Sketches of Signers of the Declaration of Independence, in nine octavo volumes—a work of great labor, and of early research, and of authentic information: and his last, excepting his contributions to periodicals, was "Lives of the American in Paris."

The latter is the most excellent humor, blending happily the characteristics of Rebelias and Sterne and Lamb. When with his chosen associates, we doubt whether any one could be more entertaining or instructive. Turn to his "Sandwiches" and you will find no wit and humor, of playful satire and nice observation, which he has not there displayed. The pleasant books of travel, of which this age has been so prolific, and in that wherein it has been surpassed.

If you "know Sanderson," we said a few weeks since in a French Deputy, who was travelling here. "Know John Sanderson! Is that the Frenchman who writes such books?" "But you are a Parisian?" "*Je ne sache pas ce que je suis en France pas qui connait bien ce qui est un homme.*" In that home at the gay, the brilliant, the fashionable Paris, that is for at all attracts the man of genius, or learning, or taste, or knowledge, there would gather the most celebrated wrens many and wits, of the Chamber of Deputies, and the Academy, have waited anxiously for his restoration to their circles. And he himself looked forward with happy anticipation to the hour of his old friendships. In a few months he was to recovery his appointment as the fine de literie. "There," he said to the writer of these notes, "in a few months I will see you there with spirits I shall spend the residue of my days." Alas! how fearfully he will never more see—learn that John Sanderson is no more!

He was a man of the most delicate perception of the beautiful, and a keen sense of the ludicrous; but those who knew him can tell how quick he was to shrink from the pain he never summoned a shadow to any face, or permitted a sneer to curl his own lip. He was as amiable as he was brilliant. He was no of those small, gossipy men who delight to discuss and want of honor, but he looked upon it as the meanest of vices. He was no lover of evil Herodilus: he deemed it wisest to laugh at the follies of mankind. Through all his existence, he lost none of his talents through all his freshness of feeling, his enthusiasm and his gaiety.

The late Theodore Hook, the first humorist and most accomplished letter writer of our day, was employed by his publisher to edit Mr. Sanderson's manuscript, and he found in it so much of it as well as he could in the English market. Mr. Sanderson, in the preface, says that Hook was never a book which suffered more from slightest change." Had the author devoted the whole of his life to the task, he could not have been little less distinguished in the same line of literature. Hook, in fact, has received a quieter and happier life: he died a happy death, and his body lies in a home, with his friends about him.

R. W. G.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

Our last week's notice brought the proceedings of the National Institute up to Tuesday On Wednesday morning Prof. J. G. Morris, of Baltimore, read an interesting paper on the past and present state of agriculture in the United States. Prof. B. S. McCulloch, late of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, followed next, in some remarks on the climate of the south, in the early part of the present Senate, and in no shape do the politicians wish the matter forced upon them until after the next Presidential election. Meanwhile Texas is as busy as her friends in the United States. One plan in agitation there is to join Mexico in a Confederation, and to seek admission into the Union, as part and parcel of the Union, wrongfully alienated. But there is another scheme which is said to have been made, or schalterns in one of the cantons of Bern, in consequence of Paris, but no information is given of the date.

Subscriptions were talked of, for the purchase of a sword, to be presented to Admiral Dupetit Thouars. The Ministerial papers ridicule the idea.

Accounts from Stockholm, of February 20, say that the laying of Sweden was a little better, but his condition was still very unfavorable.

Letters from Alicant, of February 20, say that the abandonment of the town was commenced, partially on that day; the inhabitants were becoming scarce, the blockade being kept up, and it was thought that the insurgents would endeavor to make a sortie.

A Madrid letter of the 24th states, that the wife of Isouet, the head of the insurrection at Alicant, who resided at Teruel, has been arrested and thrown into a dungeon.

Letters from Genoa of the 24th of February, says that the Duke D'Angoulême had arrived, and gave another cross, the results of which were unknown.

A rumor was current at Vienna of an approaching marriage between the Archduke Francis Joseph, and the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Russia.

The Duke of Nemours, supposed to be the eldest son of Louis Philippe, reached his 144th year on the 25th ult. His health was very good.

Intelligence from Bombay, to Feb. 1st, has been received, via Gibraltar. It states that previous, two battles had been the British forces and the Sikhs on the Sutlej. In the first battle, contest. The Bombay paper says:

"The enemy were too fast to commence hostilities, by firing on the baggage party under the command of Sir Harry Smith, on the 18th, a reconnoitering party sent out on the 20th, and the night of the 21st, the whole of the British date consisted of his Excellency Sir H. Gough, attacked the Mahrattas in their position of Mudkee, and the division of Sir John Littler, the General Grey, did so at Ferozkur, and gained a complete victory over the enemy. This last battle, however, as those occasions, has been very severe with the loss of 50 pieces of artillery.

The fort of Gwalior shortly after surrendered to us, and some of the principal chiefs came in and tendered submission.

In a battle, matters are much the same. The troops, however, are recovering from their sickness; at Hyderabad little improvement had been observed, but at Sukkur the condition of our men was much more favorable. India brought out a pamphlet.

Our China intelligence reaches to the 25th of December, but is of little interest

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

There is no part of the country where the modern fog school of philosophy, called transcendentalism, has taken such deep root as that in New England; and the Yankee wits have shown, perhaps, more true humor in this direction than in any other. The last new Yankee book recently fell into the hands of somebody in Boston, in which book one "Seatsfield" is eulogized as a writer of the "true transcendent. Who is Seatsfield? was asked on all hands, and echo answered, Who? At last somebody found out that one of the transcendental professors discovered that the German intended the name only as a generic for American writers in the main, and the meaning was made out as we can undertake to say. Seatsfield is the personification of American literature. The matter, however, has been put to rest by the following Courier the opportunity to perpetrate one of the pleasantest pieces of fun which we have seen in a long while. We give it in full, as necessary to say in introduction that the city of Hull contains five legal voters, and by pipelay- may be made to them as one man.

Seatsfield being the greatest American author, must of course be the greatest Hull author, and so he has been acknowledged in free Hullonian air. He has gained him a name and a fame by his own native Hullonian energies, and *that* name and *that* fame extend from Skull Hill to Carr Hill—from Bung Hole Square to Cutty Hunk.

If you will take the trouble to look into the ninth volume of kallendar's Antiquities of Hull, you will find "all about" the Seatsfields. They are connected with the Grimsbys, and Grimsby place Sly, and "came in with Richard Conqueror. Our gold's great grandfather's great uncle had a hand in Eldon Basilike. His father was the chief engineer, to walk long, and to write the Whole Duty of Man. One of his sisters married a Seatsfield, and went over to Normoa, with George Psalmanazar, and discovered Botany Bay, and written the most on board of works. Is it not a wonderful coincidence that this "greatest American author" has elected for a subject the very spot on the banks of the Styx? Don't make's

To go into a full analysis of Seatsfield's writings, one must have the intellectual depth of mind possessed by that learned German himself. Suffice it to say that his style is simple, but has an "inexhaustible thoroughness," and, what is more, a thorough instinctiveness there is no "art" about it. Indeed we will find "all about" the Seatsfields. They are connected with the Grimsbys, and Grimsby place Sly, and "came in with Richard Conqueror. Our gold's great grandfather's great uncle had a hand in Eldon Basilike. His father was the chief engineer, to walk long, and to write the Whole Duty of Man. One of his sisters married a Seatsfield, and went over to Normoa, with George Psalmanazar, and discovered Botany Bay, and written the most on board of works. Is it not a wonderful coincidence that this "greatest American author" has elected for a subject the very spot on the banks of the Styx? Don't make's

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CASH!

We heard of a gentleman, says the Upper Marlboro' (Md.) Gazette, who not long since died in this county, at an advanced age leaving considerable property, and on examining into his affairs, his entire indebtedness amounted to a few fifty cents, and that was contracted within a few days of his death. We suppose no copy of the kind has ever been executed.

"The true, the pithy, and you 'his true,' that such cases are so rare that our Marlboro' friend is not so remarkable for never having followed his example in this respect. Such cases have occurred, however, and will again. So manifest is the advantage of "short reckonings" and "long friendships," which follow, that it does seem as if all the world and his wife must ultimately come into the practice of paying as they go, among the other "improvements of the age."

If this worthy old gentleman only left a will behind him, we should feel thoroughly assured he knows in order before he died, what a revival will there be of probate and executors charges! Nothing more common (even in this age) than subject to no declinations for unravelling knots, and straightening complicated accounts; and all who held intercourse of financial relations with him while alive, can think of him dead, with respect for his character, and affection for his memory. Indeed, we know of any detension of dollars, dimes, and cents into their reflections upon the dead.

Keeping the house in order is not sufficiently recognized as a duty—if it were, the simple incident upon which we are commenting would not be quoted as a remarkable one in human life. A man who keeps his accounts square all round, lives so much easier and happier for it that it is a course for all who will repay all the temporary self-denials which it may require. "Out of debt—out of danger" is one of the most sensible proverbs ever handed down, and it is a great pity that its practical observation were not universal.

A dollar each is better than three of credit. It is better to buyer and to seller. It commands a better bargain for the one, and is a sure profit to the other—pardon the which will though he sell at less than cost. A dollar is a dollar, in any state of the weather, and keeps its value, in a single state. While the commodities which a dollar will purchase are subject to all manner of depreciations and changes.

He who buys on credit receives, he who buys for cash *confers* an obligation, or at any rate the parties meet on equal terms. "The purchase is the price," has given place to "the price is the cheap. A bad bargain *paid for*, may be forgotten by the loser—but if he have merely contracted for it, the memory of it promptly and have your ledger always available. In small matters never accept credit—particularly if you are a man of small means—for just the person who should make most of his money is he who has least of it.

NEWS FROM MEXICO.

The latest intelligence from Mexico advises us of the settlement of the difficulties between Mexico and Texas, to last until the 1st of May, 1841.

Important despatches had been sent out to France, relative to the difficulty between that country and Mexico. The difficulty grows out of the interference of Mexico with foreigners engaged in the retail trade in the Republic.

It is said, and on what is considered good authority that Santa Anna has pardoned and released the Santa Fe prisoners at Perote.

Gen. Thompson, the American Minister, is taking leave of Secretary de Mexico. In his despatches Calhoun, says the relations of peace between the two countries were never on a better foundation, and that the cessation of "I beg you to assure his Excellency, the President elect is taking charge of home affairs, and studying for the same in *private theatricals*. What next?

There are a few new features in the literary world. For example, Lord Brougham is writing a work on American Democracy. Miss Edgeworth is the age of seventy-two, and now novel in the press. An old play, entitled Rutland the III., has been found in the library of Emanuel College, Cambridge, and published in Latin, and dates some thirty years before the time of Shakspeare. Dickens has obtained an injunction from the Barnum Museum, to prevent booksellers from publishing his last story, "The Christmas Carol." He has also made a capital speech at the Manchester Athenæum Institute Anniversary, in which he introduced a new pannel, Miss Christian Weitlet, a young lady who has exemplified the Maxim of Franklin, and who, for the variety of her accomplishments, he called the female Crichton!

Our navy, encomiast of it is, is still improving. The six new iron steam frigates are being constructed by the Messrs. Napier, on the Clyde. This week, the engine of one of the frigates have been ordered, of new and extraordinary powers, and a fifth has been just launched at Chatham, on the new and improved inventions of steam-power and gas-light, have indeed made a great difference in human society and romance, even since the last quarter of the importance of the latter, when I tell you it is estimated that £20,000,000 annually are paid for gas in the United Kingdom, and £6,000,000 in the metropolis alone. Well, we wanted some brilliant light of art, for Nature has denied one of her luminous gifts to the unfortunate Antera Iberalin has's not been denied the power to shut out light from her own eyes, and thus to secure to herself a little more carefully.

NEW YORK ELECTION.

Mr. Harper, editor of the "Native American Party," for Mayor of New York, was on Tuesday elected, receiving about twenty-seven thousand votes. Mr. Morris, the Democratic candidate, received over eighteen thousand, Mr. Franklin, the Whig, about four thousand. Mr. Harper has about eight hundred majority over both

Of the Aldermen the Natives elected twelve, the Democrats eight, and the Whigs one. The Democrats saved six. Not a single candidate on the Whig ticket was elected.

There had been, just before the election, some rioting, attended with no serious mischief in Brooklyn, and during the election there was some disorder, but nothing of a serious character, and no attempt has been expected

CHEAP PERIODICAL DEPOT.

It will be seen, by referring to our advertising columns, that Messrs. S. Robinson and T. H. Peterson have become the proprietors of Graham's Periodical Agency, No. 98 Chesnut street, the largest cities and towns in the United States, such is the estimate) to produce an equal reputation.

Alas! for liberty in France. *La Reforme*, a Paris journal, says that that gay capital is now garrisoned by nearly 100,000 men!—while several editors of papers are underground in the government, for having written against the present government. A grand canal is projected in France, to unite the Mediterranean Sea with the Atlantic Ocean—but as for the French steamers to America, I fear they will never start, for the government is afraid of the sagacity of the Yankees in building steamers, and has recently sentenced to seven years transportation, for forging a draft for £1,000. After committing this crime, he was to be sent to Botany Bay, where he became heir to £50,000. He returned to take possession of his property, when he was immediately arrested, and locked in a dungeon. He had ventured into the den with a whip, for the purpose of rendering the wild beasts docile and obedient, *à la mode de* Van Amburgh.

A singular criminal case has occurred in Ireland. A Mr. Mahony, of Limerick, has been

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for subscriptions.

Letters and papers intended to be mailed on the day of publication which it is difficult to have accurate content. They should always be put into the mail the day before.

Remittals must always state the Post Office remitted from, as well as where the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will act for the Saturday Post, under the terms stated in our Prospectus.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, the Saturday Evening Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES PARKER is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

Notices of New Works.

NOTES ON ECONOMY. *By Thos Wm. Marshall. Curate of Swallowcliffe, Salisbury. With an Introduction by Sir F. Eastwood, Bart. Lord Bishop of Ripon & Ch. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.*—This is an interesting subject, and we are glad to see it treated in a sensible and controversial shell. It will be read with great interest at the present time by those who have been thrown out of employment on the subject of which it treats. The writer brings a great deal of environmental lore to bear upon the subject, but it cannot be conceded that he has not gone to much clarity and discretion, as he has presented it in a somewhat logical sequence. A work which will probably command more readers than almost any which has appeared on the same subject. We do not assents at the question we express an opinion; and close by informing whatever may desire to read the book that the publication is for sale at its usual with them, at the most cent and convenient shops.

PICTORIAL UNITED STATES HISTORY. *By John Frost. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.*—This number embraces from the period of the organization of the United at Yorktown, to the inauguration of Lincoln, up to April 1st, 1841, and was $26,968 23.

☞ The corner stone of a new Methodist Episcopal Church, to be built on the site of the old one, was laid on the 4th inst. last year, was laid at Wilmington, N. C., on Tuesday week.

☞ The Rev. John Dowling, of Providence, R. I., has accepted the unanimous call of the Baptist Church, New York, to become their pastor.

☞ The Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds, Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, S. C., has arrived in that city, and taken possession of his See.

General News.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.—On the 19th ult., as the crew of the ship Griffin, of Lebanon, N. H. was at work hauling pitch in order to make resin, in attempting to remove the kettle, she accidentally overturned it, and the contents of the intensely hot fire and spread to all parts of the floor. Mrs. G.'s clothing took fire—but as she had three children in the room, the moment she let these months old, she disregarded her own sufferings in order to save them. Unable to open the door, she burst through the window, and her screams soon brought her husband to her relief, who found her lying on the snow in a state of insensibility, the flesh entirely burned off, but still with presence of mind enough to tell him how to save the children, in which he successfully succeeded, to the great joy of all. The poor but heroic woman died at nine o'clock in the evening. One of the children, it is feared, cannot survive.

MURDER IN PITTSBURG.—A man named Charles Deel, a painter by trade, was taken to the Mayor's office, with his throat partially cut. *His name by the Coroner's Jury found murdered in his house*, and, as it appears, by his own hands. The deed appears to have been premeditated with. He entered into his house, and, under a third child which escaped with a partial but severe injury, after which he had attempted to cut his own throat, and failed. Deel is a dissipated drunken wretch, and assigns no other reason for those horrible acts than a spirit of insanity. The third child is dead as said will recover of its wound, and Deel's own wound is said not to be dangerous.

SMALL RECEIPT.—A Charleston paper states that a man named Joseph Thomas, was committed to await his trial for stealing in quite a novel way. He usually carried with him a bottle, and after procuring a store where clover seed was sold, he would sit down near the vessel containing the seed, and by a dexterous movement, it would fill his pocket with his cap. The pockets were provided with a hole, so that the seed would run into a receptacle between the skirt and lining. In this way he would accumulate quite a quantity, and then sell it.

MONEY AS HEMP AND COTTON.—The Louisville correspondent of the New York Tribune writes "that the most important product of Kentucky sell in dollars, is hemp. Of this crop, he states, "fives two and a quarter millions of dollars, of which $1,200,000 in value, is manufactured into cotton bagging, bale rope and cordage, and the residue shipped in its raw state to the Atlantic ports. Of the cotton bagging alone, 40,000 pieces, and of the bale rope, about as many coils, valued at $1,500,000 is shipped from this port."

FIFTEEN HOURS BURNT.—We learn from the Boston papers that on Saturday night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, a fire broke out in the extensive stable attached to the large livery establishment of Messrs. Henry Sprague & Son, situated on the main road, Cambridgeport. The stable, with several adjoining sheds, by the time the fire was discovered, was wrapped in one mass of flame, and before the engines could get to work the whole was in ruins.

THE SMITHS.—A waiter in the Norfolk Beacon, tells of a town in Texas, which he visited, and from curiosity, examined the names of the inhabitants. Every one of the Smiths numbered three hundred. The postmaster, the collector, the looker, the coiner of the town, the first of the representative in the Congress, the candidate for Congress, the cashier of the bank, the principal merchant, all bore the unpleasant name of John Smith.

POST OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE.—It was stated by Mr. Merrick in the Senate last week, that the number of paying letters which passed through the mail last year, were twenty-four millions. Of this number seventeen millions passed over distances less than 250 miles. It is impossible to estimate the number of letters which passed outside the mail.

LUCKY HIT.—An old building about to be pulled down in the Bowery, N. Y., was sold to two Irishmen, on condition that it should remain. They went to work at it, and in tearing open some of the wainscoting, found a jug, which, on examination, proved to be a money jug, containing, it is said, $8,000 in gold coin. This is a good prize.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNA.

The Annual Commencement of the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania took place on Thursday of last week in the great saloon of the Musical Fund Hall. The room was filled at an early hour. The Rev. Dr. Bemethune, and the Philosophical Society, and in such occasions it was of a character exceedingly appropriate to seem more than a merely private one to the very brilliant audience which crowded the great saloon.

After an appropriate prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Ludlow the Provost of the University, the Degree of Dr of Medicine was conferred upon one hundred and fifty-three graduates. From the list announced it will be perceived that the time honored Institution is not merely a Medical College, but one among many of the bonds of the Union, which entitles them to all encouragement on the highest national grounds; and particularly are those worthy of support and favor which point to those considerations so many intrinsic advantages as the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania.

After the recitation of the names of the degrees was concluded, Dr. Horner delivered a valedictory to the graduates, the character of which is also unusual. The United States Gazette it was vigorously written, enforcing the truths which are the result of a lengthened experience; giving with brevity and perspicuity the duties which it behooves every medical practitioner carefully to fulfil; and picturing forth, in their true colors, the high rewards that are upon the well directed exertions of the physician. Dr. Horner's address commended itself to the attention of the graduates, which attention was attested by the deep silence with which it was delivered, and by the marked manner in which it was applauded by the numerous audience.

The following is a list of the graduates:

Abou, Keene P., North Carolina, *Surgeon Mexican Army*

Alexander, Alexander Alonzo, Georgia

Anderson, Mills T., Mississippi, Coaster Institute

Bailey, Joseph R., Pennsylvania, Agricultural

Bate, Richard P. N. C., Caterer

Bell, Thomas, Pennsylvania, International Peace

Bare, Adam S., Pennsylvania, Disease of the Ovaries

Bell, Thomas, Pennsylvania

Bowen, Henry, Pennsylvania

Bayley, John Hunt, Virginia, International Peace

Bell, Thomas, Pennsylvania, Hydrocephalus

Bell, Thomas, Pennsylvania, Hydrocephalus

Bayley, John W. New Jersey, Scarlatina

Burden, Robert D., Pennsylvania, International Fever

Bell, William W., Pennsylvania, Hydrocephalus with Mechanical Impediment

Bayley, John W. New Jersey, Scarlatina

Burden, Robert D., Pennsylvania, International Fever

Bell, William W., Pennsylvania, Hydrocephalus

Bare, Marcus H. Pa., Structure of the Nervous System

Bayley, John W. New Jersey, Scarlatina

Burden, Robert D., Pennsylvania, Acute Meningitis

Bell, William W., Pennsylvania, Hydrocephalus

Carden, John W., Tennessee Hepatic Abscess

Carden, John W., Virginia, Hepatitis

Chapman, Wm. Wood, Agricultural Chemistry to the Physiology

Clarke, Daniel L., Vt., Phenomena of Chemistry

Clark, Wm. J., Virginia, Regimen of Dyspepsia

Cooper, Thomas, Pennsylvania, Inflammation

Compton, Francis H., Tennessee, Inflammation

Cooper, Thomas, Pennsylvania, Inflammation

Crane, Joseph B., South Carolina, Inflammation

Cullen, Thomas S., Baltimore, Uterine Hemorrhage

Cullen, Thomas S., Baltimore, Acute Kidney Disease

Cullen, Thomas S., Baltimore, Uterine Hemorrhage

Custis, Peter, North Carolina, Acute Gastritis

Custis, Peter, North Carolina, Acute Dysentery

Depassier, George S., N. C., Mental influence over the Physical

Dickey, Alexander I., Pennsylvania, Eczematus

Dickey, Alexander I., Pennsylvania, Eczematus

Dunnell, Addison, N., Physiology of the Circulation

Dunnell, Addison, N., Physiology of the Circulation

Dunnell, Addison, N., Physiology of the Circulation

Dwight, Lemuel R. New Jersey, Influenza

Dwight, Lemuel R. New Jersey, Influenza

Dickey, Alexander I., Pennsylvania, Eczematus

Farquharson, Robert J., Tenn. Phenomena and causes of Inflammation

Fetterman, Abraham H. Pennsylvania, Pertussis

Fetterman, Abraham H. Pennsylvania, Cynanche Tracheals

Foster, Percy S. North Carolina, Rheumatismus

Foster, Percy S. North Carolina, Rheumatismus

Gould, Charles S. Pa. Mercury and its Compounds

Gould, Charles S. Pa. Mercury and its Compounds

Graham, Thomas, Pa., Nervous Sympathies

Graham, Chauncy W. North Carolina, Pertussis

Graham, Chauncy W. North Carolina, Pertussis

Green, Lowndes D. Pa. Purpose and Province of Medicine

Green, Alfred W. Pennsylvania, Bronchocele

Green, Alfred W. Pennsylvania

Green, Solomon, Virginia, Pneumonia

Green, Solomon, Virginia, Pneumonia

Hall, Theodore Bailey, Pa., Diseases of Menstruation

Hall, Theodore Bailey, Pa., Diseases of Menstruation

Hall, Edward J., Mississippi, Intermittent Fever

Hagner, Andrew P., Pa., Influence of Medicine

Hanley, Charles A., Agricultural Chemistry of the Liver

Harris, James W. Alabama, Menorrhagia

Harris, James W. Alabama, Menorrhagia

Hatch, Thomas E., New Hampshire, Apoplexy

Hatch, Thomas E., New Hampshire, Apoplexy

Hawkins, Edward S. United States, Scarlatina

Hearne, Joseph T. Alabama, Functions of the Brain

Hearne, Joseph T. Alabama, Functions of the Brain

Hemphill, Benjamin, Massachusetts, Spermatorrhœa

Hemphill, Benjamin, Massachusetts, Spermatorrhœa

Holmes, Ephraim Jr. New Jersey, Acute Peritonitis

Holmes, Ephraim Jr. New Jersey, Acute Peritonitis

Hughes, Charles, Alabama, Puerperal Fever

Hughes, Charles, Alabama, Puerperal Fever

Hutchinson, Robert J., Tenn. Phenomena and causes of Inflammation

Hutchinson, Abraham H. Pennsylvania, Pertussis

Hutchinson, Abraham H. Pennsylvania, Cynanche Tracheals

Hutchinson, Robert J., Tenn. Phenomena and causes of Inflammation

Jackson, Wm. Pennsylvania, Pertussis

Jackson, Wm. Pennsylvania, Cynanche Tracheals

Jackson, Wm. Pennsylvania, Pertussis

Jackson, Wm. Pennsylvania, Cynanche Tracheals

Jones, Edward, Virginia, Typhoid Fever

Jones, Edward, Virginia, Phosphate of Ammonia

Jones, William S., Pennsylvania, Whooping Cough

Jones, William S., Pennsylvania, Whooping Cough

Kelly, Thomas, Pennsylvania, Inflammation of the Eye of Vertebrate Animals

Kelly, Thomas, Pennsylvania, Inflammation of the Eye of Vertebrate Animals

Kelly, Thomas, North Carolina, Hepatitis

Kelly, Thomas, North Carolina, Hepatitis

Kelly, Thomas, Virginia, Gonorrhœa Trochezia

Kelly, Thomas, Virginia, Gonorrhœa Trochezia

Mackie, William H., Kentucky, Pneumonia

Mackie, William H., Kentucky, Pneumonia

Marshall, David H., Pennsylvania, Vitreous

Marshall, David H., Pennsylvania, Vitreous

Mason, Randolph F. Virginia, Scarlatina

Mason, Randolph F. Virginia, Scarlatina

Mayer, Edward H. Pennsylvania, Nature of Saliva

Mayer, Edward H. Pennsylvania, Nature of Saliva

Mitchell, Alexander, Pa., Diseases and use of Fascia subcutanea

Mitchell, George H. Va., Importance of the knowledge of Physiology and Diseases in the treatment of diseases

Mitchell, George H. Va., Importance of the knowledge of Physiology and Diseases in the treatment of diseases

Moody, James, Alabama, Congestive Fever

Moody, James, Alabama, Congestive Fever

Mitchell, Alexander, Pa., Diseases and use of Fascia subcutanea

Selected Poetry.

THE SHADOW.

BY HORACE E. GREELY.

I sit at my task, with the sun's slanted light
For my subject of gifts, from morn till midnight;
And list to the sound of the tramping feet,
That are coming, departing, and ever meet;
And many a shadow is cast on my wall,
Of those who pass by in the varied eye,
Like a fitting scene in the camera-box;
One moment it falls, and the next is gone,
So, hence by a rule that will not run,
The passer-guests has destined way;
And I never look out on the throng's train
To watch if their footsteps return again;
But every morn through the open door,
The lingering shadow hath passed before,
Like a spirit that comes from the dreamy land,
To a new-born world's bright shore;
And I raise my eyes each day to see
If it has a passage between me and me
To a warm old man, and his locks of grey,
Untroubled and long, on his shoulders lay;
With a palsied hand, and a faltering tread,
He entered on, and his weary head
Is bowed half way to his tottering knees;
And they say there's half love and care in one
A century old—and his lot is still
Of the deepest sorrow that wrings the will.
The tender heaven of the opening eyes,
May be through his willow basket seen;
Or the early roses from the garden pulled—
Or the berries ripe which his hand hath culled;
And he knoweth them on from door to door,
Yet he has friends—a scanty store.
When the Summer's sun shines warm and free,
We say and faint, I weave, is he:
But longer hath spare for his lagging feet,
And he struggles on in the sultry heat,
Till his wrinkled brow is wet,
And shrinking aside from the jostling throng,
And peering through misty eyes to rain
For a flower or fruit for the tempting crop
Few are the objects that meet his sight,
For never again will he stand upon
Few are the pleasures that e'er has cull,
For the flowers he has with a tribute rear—
There's no one to lighten his waning life,
He hath no daughter, nor son, nor wife;
And his sire, and his brother, and sister they fell
And his sire, and his brother, and sister they fell
'Ere the locust's wing was fledged as well;
'Tis the worn old man, as he enters past,
Whose lingering shade on my floor is cast;
And only when he is far away
Have I paused to sigh that I, too, was poor;
And still, I am wretchless I cannot tell
An eye eye on the time-honored reverence toll,
A prayer thought to my weary God,
Of the days when he, like myself, was young;
When his cheek was fair, and his eye was bright,
Lighter and freer than mine are now,
And his foot trod firmly and proudly then
Of the busiest pairs of the bubbled men;
And again I've thought that I yet might be
Weary and worn, and bowed as he;
I was thus that I learned to love so well
The shadow that over my footsteps fell;
And often I turned with a listening ear,
The sound of his coming anger to hear,
Or to wipe a tear from a hallowed eye
Ere it fell on the page I was reading by.
He passed the Spring and the Summer away,
And I greeted him still each sunny day;
But I missed him at length one Autumn even
When the sun looked over the golden corn,
And I wended it—vain though, days long by,
But no tottering footsteps came that way;
And my spirit was sadder at eventide,
As if some blessing had been denied;
And I turned from my window as sorrow eye,
And my shadow a phantom bower went by,
And I knew from that coffin, mossbound and wide,
That that aged soon at length had died.
My eye sunk back as the tears were past,
And for days on my pages fell that sole—
Till the half-drawn sketch my hand had traced,
Was finished as well as I could do it.
It was one of the last so long been done—
Unless it might be that no other was
Of several that I'd let the shadow fall over
And yet it was not for him I wept,
For surely I knew was the sleep he slept;
He had but sought that home at last,
Where the friends of his youth had long since passed;
But my bosom was swelling with feelings strange—
A thought of Death—and a thought of Change—
A thought of Decay's all-blighting breath—
A thought of Eternity's boundless realm—
And a thought beside of that great unknown
Where the curse of earth have no power to come—
Over a mingled tide that's ne'er merge.
When I knew of the sleep the old man slept,
And the tears would roll from my aching eyes,
And I wept—I wept—I know not why.—*Tribune.*

Selected Articles.

A DOSE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

"Ellen, you have been out."
"Well, I know I have."
"To the King's head."
"No, John, no. But no matter. You'll be troubled no more with my drinking."
"What do you mean?"
"I mean what I say, John," replied the wife, looking very serious, and speaking very solemnly and deliberately, with a strong emphasis on every word. "You will—see—no more—with—my—drinking—I HAVE TOOK IT AT LAST!"
"I knew it!" exclaimed the wretched husband, desperately tossing his arms aloft, as when all is lost. "I knew it! And hence the one coat flap in the hands of his wife, who vainly attempted to detain her modest from the room—sprang down the stairs, both flights, by two and three stairs at a time—into the passage, and without his hat, or gloves, or stick, dashed out of the house, scrapping from the step two ragged little girls a quarters load, a basin of treacle, and a baby. But he never stopped to ask if the child were hurt, or even to see if the infant dropped with gore or suddenly. Away he ran, like a rabid dog, straight forward, down the borough, heedless alike of a porter's load, baker's first kat, and butcher's tray.

"I say," remonstrated the errand boy, as he staggered from the collision.

"I say again," growled the placard man, as he recovered the pole and board which had been knocked from his shoulder.

"Mind where you're going!" bawled a hawker, as he picked up his scattered wares while a dandy, suddenly thrust into the kennel, lamented after the manner one of those vexatious mistakes which are said to prime under the boomerang, to those who launch it.

But on, on, maniac-like! Inoffensive heedless of all impediments—on he scoured, like a hot Camilla, to the shop, number 246, with the tin blue and pestle hollow in the window—the chemist's and druggist's—into which he darted, and up to that little half man at the desk, with barely breath enough left to gasp out "My Wife!" "Pisons!" "Poisoned!" "Vegetable or mineral?" inquired the Son Jesse Apothecary, with professional coolness.

"Both—all sorts—laudanum—arsenic—salts—oil—corrosive sublimate!" and the Teetotaller was about to add prussic acid, but amongst the poisons, when the Doctor stopped him.

"Is she sick?"

"No! But remembering the symptoms over-night, the Teetotaller ventured to say, on the strength of his friend, that she was taking all manner of colors, like a rainbow, and smelling as big as a horse.

"Then there is not a moment to lose," said the Esculapian, and accordingly clapping on his hat, and arming himself with the complete apparatus—a sort of elephantine syringe with a very long nozzle—he set off at a run, guided by the Teetotaller, to succour the rash and ill fated benchman Mr. Burrage.

"And did he save her?"

"My dear reader, be content to let that alone remain a little, and accumulate interest like a sum in the saving's bank.

Now, when the Teetotaller, with the medical man at his hands, arrived at his own house, Mrs. Burrage was still in her right senses. She was a great conversationist, for before she could account for the absence of a shilling, and even without knowing how it was done, she found herself seated—most unwillingly, however, or ceremoniously—in the easy chair, and when she attempted to expectorate, she fell herself choking with a tube of something, which was certainly neither tasteless, yet stuck liquorice not yet pipe-peppermint.

To account for this precipitatory, the exaggerated representations of her husband must be borne in mind, and if his wife did not exhibit all the dying dolphin-like colors that he had described—if she was not quite so blue, green, yellow, or black as he had painted her, the apothecary made sure she would soon be, and encouragement to work without delay, where delays were so dangerous.

Mrs. Burrage, however, was not a woman to submit quietly to a disagreeable operation, against her own consent, so with a vigorous push, and a cast of the nozzle like, she managed to fix herself at some of the doctor and his instruments, and positively demanded to be told the meaning of the assault upon her.

"It is to wash your face," replied Dick Ellen," said the Teetotaller, very solemnly.

"It is to empty the stomach, sir, sir," said the doctor.

"Empty a fiddle," retorted Mrs. B. who would have added "stick" but the doctor, watching his opportunity, had dexterously popped the tube again into her open mouth—and without a fresh scuffle from the patient.

"For Lord's sake Ellen," exclaimed the Teetotaller, confining her hand, "do, do, pray, do not quarl."

"Pol—sol—soddle," said Ellen. "Hub—bub—bub—bubble" accompanied a squirt with another pipe in her throat besides her words.

"Have the goodness, sir," said he, to the compound, "I implored the doctor.

"I won't," shouted Mrs. Burrage, having again released herself from the instrument by a desperate struggle. "What am I to be pumped out for?"

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen," said the Teetotaller, "you know what you have taken."

"Carrotive nuts and nutrotics," put in the doctor.

"Arsenic and corrosive sublimity," said the Teetotaller.

"Oxalic acid and tincture of opium," added the doctor.

"Fly, water and laurel water," said Mr. Burrage.

"Vitriol, prussic acid, and aquafortis," continued the druggist.

"I've taken no such thing," said the refractory patient.

"Oh, Ellen, you know what you said."

"Well, what?"

"Why, that your drinking should never trouble me any more."

"And no more it shall!" screamed the wilful woman, flinging, as she spoke, into each eye a mere paroxysm of the wildest laughter. "No more it shall for I've conquered it!"

"What, ma'am, pray what?"

"In the name of Heaven, what?"

"Why, them—for I've taken the PLEDGE!!!"

PUNCH'S REVIEW OF BOOKS.

MR. ROEBUCK'S SPEECHES, AT THE BAR, BEFORE AND SINCE HIS ELEVATION TO THE RANK OF QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

The Bar of England has long been distinguished for its eloquence; and the mission of publishing a collection of speeches in a common sort will popular advocates. Mr. Buckbuck's elevation to a silk gown has caused considerable curiosity to be felt as to what he has done in his profession, and has led to the publication of his speeches at the Bar in a pamphlet of sixteen pages, two of which are occupied by the title, two more by the dy-lued, four by an introduction, six by a preface, and the speeches themselves occupy the remainder of the space which is devoted to them. It is time for us to criticise these splendid specimens of eloquence, and we proceed to do so with the broach of research is seasoned with the pepper of eloquence. Before we enter upon one of the speeches entire—the collection consists of no less than two—in under that title we have learned from the preface of the production.

The speech we are about to quote was made in the presence of the writer of this notice, who never can forget the impression which it created on a mind little open to all the buoyancy of hope, and redolent with that respect for genius, which time, alas! never does but like a scythe among the buttercups. But we are forgetting the speech, which we print, word for word, as it was delivered:

"May it please your lordships—

"In a case which I had in the *demise of* Rex *against* SMITH, I am instructed to move for a rule, which I think your lordships, when you have heard all that I have to say, will not refuse to me.

[*Brennan, C. J.*—That depends upon circumstances, Mr. Buckbuck.

My lord, we are all of us, I know, the creatures of circumstances, and as the poet—

[*Wilkins, J.*—Never mind, sir, don't tell us any thing about the poet, unless he is a party to the rule."

Your lordship is right. You have brought the back from the mark, where lacky, like the Lybian bird—

[*Perrin, J.*—We can't notice the Lybian bird, unless he has been served with a copy of the notice. Pray, sir, let us know what you are going to move for."

My lords, I wish for nothing but a rule to compute and not asking for that—

[*Brennan, C. J.*—You have it, sir, and, indeed, you might have known that motion in."

Indeed, my lord! Then I shall know what to do another time.

Such was the peroration of the speech of Mr. Buckbuck: and he has given out the words, "I shall know what to do another time," he looked like a bird in whose mane had been ignobly pulled, and who was consoling under it. The "other time" has not yet come, but when it does we have no doubt Mr. Buckbuck will be amply prepared for it.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY OF AN ATROCIOUS MURDERER.

A gentleman who had been robbed by his servant, forgave him, on condition that he would abandon his bad habits; this promise he so far kept, and kept himself so steadily, as to accumulate sufficient money to enable him to marry, and to keep an inn, on a much frequented road. About twenty years after, the gentleman, travelling that way, came to lodge with his old servant whom he did not recollect until the man came forward, made himself known, and expressed how gratified and happy he was to again waiting upon him. He gave him the handsomest room and the best fare, but the night had no sooner set in, than this perfidious wretch, with a dreadful show of attachment stabbed his old master with a dagger, threw his body into a cart, and carried it to a river at the back of his house. Such deed he feared discovery, and to prevent the corpse from rising to the surface of the water, he pierced the body through with a long stake, sharpened at the one back of the other. Such deed he fancied